

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

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## RESPECTABLE SUPERSTITIONS.

ABOUT ten years ago, while on a visit to the metropolis, I dined one day with a mercantile friend in the city, who, on my arrival at the appointed hour, informed me that I should meet an individual with whom he had frequent business transactions, the master of a first-rate brig in the West India trade. "I think you will be amused with him," said my entertainer, "for he keeps up a few superstitions which are not now very general, and in particular never sails without a caul on board." "Caul!" said I, "what is a caul?" My friend replied by expressing his surprise that I, who possessed so much popular archaeology, should be ignorant of this article; and taking up the Morning Herald of that day, he pointed to an advertisement which ran in the following terms:—"For sale—a child's caul, in excellent condition; to prevent trouble, the price is ten guineas. Apply at," &c. On my mentioning that I was still as much in the dark as ever, he informed me that cauls were thin membranous caps, with which, on very rare occasions, children were born, and which were not only understood to assure good fortune to the infant, but to whosever should be possessed of one, as long as the infant continued in life. Advertisements like that which he had shown to me, were, he said, by no means uncommon, and he believed the chief purchasers were seamen, a class of persons who, as they are more than most others exposed to dangers which human foresight and exertion can hardly avert, so do they remain more than others disposed to trust to supernatural means for their safety.

If I was surprised by this information, I was struck with still greater wonder when Captain Broderip, as our West India trader was called, entered the room, and presented to me the appearance of a stout gentlemanlike man, hardly yet in middle life, with a face as promising of intelligence and good sense as any I had ever encountered. After dinner, I found his aspect by no means belied by his conversation, which was full of interesting anecdote and sound reflection. Our host, however, turned the stream of chat towards the subject of cauls—and down in a moment went the sense of our nautical friend, like a foundered vessel. "I don't pretend to be a philosopher," said he, in the tone of a man who is determined to run a muck against common sense, "and so I can't tell how it should be so; but I know well enough that I have sailed the Betsy and Brothers for thirteen years, with a good healthy caul on board, and never gone down all that time, while stouter ships, that had no cauls, have gone to staves within sight of me. I go upon facts—none of your fine theories for me. I keep my caul snugly sewed up in a bag, and stowed away in the locker along with the ship's papers. It cost me eleven guineas, but the money was well spent. I bought it, by good luck, from a poor woman at Mile-End, having heard of her lying-in only by accident from the ship carpenter, who assured me that the caul would be worth something more than ordinary, for she—that is, the mother—had had a healthy family of children, not a death among them. I say this was a lucky hit, for I have known instances of such things not being worth a groat, from the child dying soon after. I once knew a Captain Pattison, in the Liverpool and Havannah trade, that met with a misfortune of this kind. He had bought a caul; let me see, I think he paid seven guineas and a half for it, to the parish officers of St Bets, where he had put in to refit after a hard gale in the Channel. But they were a pack of rogues who sold it. It had been born with a dead child by a woman in the workhouse, and therefore, do you see, could not be of any value.

Pattison, poor fellow—a clever fellow too—was not up to the trick—rather a little bit of a greenhorn, you will say—and so he paid dearly for it in the end. His vessel struck on one of the banks of Newfoundland—having for two days before lost his reckoning—and all on board perished, except a slip of a cabin-boy that was picked up from a plank by a Nantucket schooner, bound for St John's with a cargo of biscuit. The lad found his way back to England, and told the whole story. Pattison's friends, I have heard, threatened to prosecute the parish officers, whose unworthy trick had been the cause of all the mischief; but they were advised after a time to drop the idea of getting damages, there being, as every body knows, no such a thing as getting justice among the legal gentry."

Such is something like the account which our chatty table-companion, Captain Broderip, gave us of his experience in cauls, which he evidently valued at a higher rate than any excellence in the build of his vessel, the absence of the dry-rot, or insurance at Lloyd's. On making some ulterior inquiries, we found that great stress was laid by the votaries of the caul superstition on the article continuing in a healthy and sound state, which they conceive to be essential to its virtue. When it begins to be otherwise, the first port is the safest, for then you may be assured that it is not much longer to afford its usual protection. Captain Broderip mentioned with great gravity, that the appearance of spots of mildew upon it might be accepted as a certain prognostication of the loss of its talismanic virtue; for the spots were symptoms of the approaching decay of the person on whom the caul had been born, and that was a matter of exceedingly serious import. No saying what might be the consequences—a valuable cargo and a crew of some twenty lives were at stake. To prevent accidents, it was always best to have at least a couple of cauls on board at once.

"Speaking of the virtue of cauls," said I, in an inquiring tone, to the captain, "I have heard it mentioned that a horse-shoe, when nailed to the mast of a vessel, is also a capital preventive of danger; perhaps you can tell me if I am right." "Yes," answered Broderip, "a horse-shoe—that is, if it has been pretty well worn—is not a bad thing to sail with. Some commanders, indeed, prefer it to a caul, though I cannot say I am of that way of thinking. It is not to be depended on—it is not to be depended on, sir. Nelson—our immortal Nelson—always sailed with a horse-shoe on board; but such an article, do you see, did little good for him in the longrun. It may help one through a bit of a stiff breeze in foul weather, when your vessel is riding off and on a lee shore with breakers ahead; but there is one thing certain: it cannot ward off a shower of bullets—can do nothing against a well-aimed rifle fired from the shrouds of a French seventy-four. Nelson, as I say, had a horse-shoe nailed to the mast of the Victory when he fell; and you may see it to this day, if you please, in one of the state-rooms of Windsor Castle, still nailed to a lump of the mast. It has been taken under the patronage of royalty, as one may say; still, after all, commend me to a good caul. It is worth all the horse-shoes in the world."

No doubt many of our readers will smile, as we did not fail to do, at these extraordinary revelations; but the subject, on sober reflection, is more calculated to excite our pity than our ridicule. Nor is it a solitary superstition surviving in an age of light. There are still an immense number of persons in this and every other enlightened land, who speak and act in the spirit of an age of intellectual darkness. They talk of *luck*—of lucky beginnings, lucky hits, lucky

days, luck pennies, and so forth. We hear them commenting on the subject of *omens*, good and bad; also recounting their *dreams*, and speaking of their *forebodings* of evil. In particular, they describe how it was their *fate* to do so and so, as if fate were a controlling agency which urged them to the commission of unjustifiable actions, and left them to mourn over errors which no power of their own could have enabled them to avoid. Some time last year, as we were informed by the public prints, the Sultan of Constantinople deferred proceeding on a warlike expedition, in consequence of his sword dropping from his waist as he was about to set out. The event was declared to be *ominous* of bad fortune. We laugh at such an instance of superstition; yet we let similar follies pass by unheeded almost daily, and often allow our spirits to be saddened by *presentiments* of evil, founded on circumstances quite as absurd as the dropping of the sword of the sultan. Of the various superstitions which continue to affect a large proportion of society, none is perhaps so respectable as that relating to *fortune*, which has been deified as a goddess, and still commands the worship of a certain number of votaries. *Fortune* is a favourite expression both with those who prey upon the weaknesses of mankind, and those who are willing to be the dupes of themselves and others. It was only a few months ago that an end was finally put to lotteries, by which the eye of reason used to be so grievously insulted in every thoroughfare of every British city. Can we forget the superstitious advertisements with which the professors of this demoralising trade so lately plastered our walls? The public at large has perhaps a very imperfect idea of the extent to which folly was practised and preyed upon in this silly merchandise. The nonsense respecting "fortunate offices" was sufficiently brought before their eyes; but they are not aware of the innumerable forms in which similar absurdity was displayed by the purchasers of tickets. We can assure them that well-dressed, well-schooled, well-lodged men, not inferior in appearance to Captain Broderip, would frequently apply at the offices which they believed to have established the best understanding with fortune, asking for particular numbers which they had dreamt of, or which they had determined upon as being the date of their birth, of their wife's birth, or both added together. Some would fix their hopes so bigottedly upon a particular number, that they would have it hunted out at considerable expense through all the cities in the empire. Others would select a ticket with averted eyes, and putting it up in their pocket-books, not once look at the number, or allow any one to inform them of it, till, having learned the numbers of the principal prizes, they would go home and enjoy in secret the luxurious agony of ascertaining whether they had been lucky or otherwise. Such are but a scantling of the absurdities which were called into being by this mischievous delusion.

The superstitions thus brought under notice are not so bad as many of those which beset our ancestors, and are heard of no longer. The carrying of a caul in a ship to prevent its sinking, or the hope of a peculiar good fortune in the office of a particular lottery-contractor, certainly denote a less benighted state of the public understanding, than what must be understood as indicated by the burning of witches, and the leaving of a corner of land uncultivated, as a propitiation to the great impersonation of evil. But yet they show that much remains to be done for the illumination of mankind; while it is equally clear, from the fact of their being less dark than some of the ideas of a former age, that their total extinction may be hoped for. We are not disposed to agree either with

those who conceive the present age to be one of excessive light, or with those who deem it one of excessive darkness: we believe it to be advancing from darkness into light; and the continued existence of a few traces of false reason and superstition is at once a proof of our position, and a reason for increased and animated exertion in the great business of public instruction.

#### JOACHIM MURAT.

WE certainly are not among those who habitually give more admiration to characters of a showy and reckless kind than to those which are only remarkable for a modest performance of civil duties; and yet, at whatever expense the confession may be made, we cannot help feeling an interest in the individual whose name is placed at the head of this article. Joachim Murat—*le Beau Sabreur*—the finest cavalry officer in the world, as Bonaparte called him—the finest animal, we will say, that existed in his own time in human shape—who has not heard of him, of his splendid person, his heedless valour, his frank and generous, yet weak and vain character, his wonderful elevation from the meanest to the highest rank, and his rapid decline and melancholy death? It is perhaps too soon to expect the circumstances and characters of the wars of the French revolution to become the materials of any literature more attractive to the fancy, or appealing more powerfully to the feelings, than history; but if there be any portion of those singular transactions which has already ripened into a fitness for such a purpose, it is certainly the two last years of the life of the Bonaparte sovereign of Naples.

Murat, born in 1767, was the son of an innkeeper in the province of Perigord, and, under the patronage of the Talleyrand family, was receiving an education for the church, when an attachment to a pretty girl of Toulouse deranged his prospects, and caused him to enlist as a soldier. He came to Paris in the heat of the revolution, and, attaching himself to the fortunes of Napoleon, accompanied that individual during the Italian campaign of 1796-7, as a member of the staff, in which character he displayed so much bravery, that he was made a general of brigade. Throughout the campaign in Egypt, as well as during the proceedings by which Napoleon seized upon the consulate, Murat was ever by his side, a ready and efficient instrument. His services were now rewarded with the hand of Caroline Bonaparte, the youngest and most ambitious of his patron's sisters. Murat was soon after very useful in reconciling the army to Napoleon's assumption of imperial power, and, having distinguished himself in an extraordinary degree in the campaign of 1805, he was created Grand Duke of Berg, and acknowledged as a sovereign prince by the continental powers. As a ruler, he is said to have been mild and popular; but he was soon after called to assume the crown of Naples, as successor to Joseph Bonaparte, who had been transferred to Spain.

Murat now found himself, at about forty years of age, elevated from one of the meanest to one of the highest stations. He was, to appearance at least, an independent sovereign with a royal title. He had armies at his command, and was sole dictator over several millions of people. There was a canker, however, beneath all this splendour. His brother-in-law considered him as a mere subaltern king, interfered with his policy, and beset him with spies, whose information, Murat knew, might some day cause him to be discharged of sovereignty by a simple notice in the *Moniteur*. Having little judgment or caution, with infinite self-confidence and vanity, he chafed at the constraint under which he found himself, and would, it is supposed, have declared war against the emperor, and thereby secured his own immediate ruin, if he had not been called to take the command of the cavalry in the Russian campaign.

In this immense expedition, King Joachim led the van. He marched in the style of a paladin of old. His tall and elegant figure was every where rendered conspicuous by his waving plumes and glittering chivalric attire, as well as by the eager and heedless bravery with which he rushed against every danger. Yet, contrary to what might have been expected from his impetuous character, he was of opinion that the safety of the army would be compromised by an advance to Moscow, and advised his brother-in-law to remain for the season at Smolensko. His conduct when this counsel was spurned, was more charac-

teristic. Spurring his horse to a river-side opposite a Russian battery, he avowed his resolution to remain there till he should be brought down. At his request, all his officers withdrew, except one, who, generously offering to share his fate if he would not retire, was finally the means of diverting him from his resolution. In all the actions which were found necessary in the advance, Murat was conspicuous by his theatrical dress and wild bravery; yet he escaped every danger. The enemy at length came to respect a being whose conduct was so gallant, and whose appearance was so imposing. It is related upon incontestable authority, that, finding his troops much annoyed by a band of Cossacks, who were perpetually causing them to halt and deploy, without giving battle, he rode up to them, and in an authoritative voice, cried out, "Clear the way, vermin!" when these rude sons of the desert, awed by his manner, retired, and were no more seen that day. When the army reached Moscow, he put on his finest dress for the purpose of entering the city. An armistice having been agreed on for two hours, to admit of the retirement of the Russian army, he approached without fear a large band of Cossacks who stood under the walls. His tall plume, seen over every thing, the splendid trappings of his steed, and the inimitable grace with which he managed the high-spirited animal, produced from those warriors a peal of applause. Riding into the midst of them, he spent nearly two hours in the receipt of their tumultuous homage, which gratified his vanity so much, that he first gave them all the money he had, then all that he could borrow from his officers, and finally his own watch, and those of several of his companions.

In the disastrous retreat from Moscow, Murat was left by Napoleon in chief command, but, on the 13th of January 1813, upon receiving some intelligence of an alarming kind from his own kingdom, he forsook the army at Posen, and travelled night and day till he reached Naples. His conduct on this occasion drew upon him the resentment of Napoleon, who was then in no condition, however, to do him any injury. Smarting under a sense of the anger of his brother-in-law, and anxious to confine his power within limits that would be safe for himself, Murat, in January 1814, allied himself to Austria, and, by a movement against Napoleon's troops in the north of Italy, was of material service in preventing these from creating any diversion in the rear of the Allies, now marching upon Paris. Indeed it was acknowledged that Murat was thus the means of dethroning his relative. The reward expected for this service was the recognition of his own power by the Allies, and to this not only Austria but Britain was engaged. His claim, however, was opposed at the Congress of Vienna by Talleyrand; and the rash soldier, fearing the result, sealed his fate by declaring in favour of Napoleon, then just escaped from Elba. An army which he led against the Austrian forces in the north of Italy, acted as Neapolitan armies generally do. He who had left Naples in March with fifty thousand men, re-entered it on the 18th of May, *incognito*, attended only by four lancers, and, pale, haggard, and dishevelled, embraced his queen with the mournful exclamation, "Madam, I have not been able to find death." The Bay of Naples was now possessed by an expedition of Ferdinand of Sicily, the legitimate King of Naples, and by a few English ships of war, commissioned to resent Joachim's late movement against the Austrians. An attempt which he made to rouse the Neapolitans was met by sullen silence. On the second day after his return, he found it necessary to fly from his capital in a mean disguise, leaving his queen and her court to make such terms for their surrender as they could.

Even at that strange time, when Europe was strewn, as it were, with the wrecks of great and glorious things, and had become so much accustomed to see kings and princes made and unmade, that such affairs ceased to be thought very remarkable, it would have been impossible to witness, without emotion, the circumstances to which the Neapolitan court was reduced. Pressed by the approaching armies of Austria, and dreading the more terrible vengeance of a Neapolitan populace, the queen found it advisable to throw herself upon the humanity of Britain, and accordingly desired and obtained permission to come on board the *Tremendous* (Commodore Campbell), then lying in the bay. A gentleman who was a surgeon in the ship has described to us some of the extraordinary scene which attended this precipitate break-up of the court. Excepting the queen, it was impossible to provide ade-

quate accommodation for the numerous distinguished persons who were obliged to come on board. High official persons, nobles, and members of the royal household, with their wives and other relatives, were huddled, without the least deference for their rank, into every part of the vessel where there was any spare room. Many who, a few days before, lived luxuriously in palaces, were now glad to be allowed a snug corner of the deck, where they might pillow themselves on a coil of ropes, with less than the usual chance of being kicked or stumbled over by the sailors. The chief physician of King Joachim's army, who lately would have considered a naval surgeon as too mean a being to be spoken to,\* could not find expressions adequate to convey his gratitude to our friend, when he was allowed to participate in his cabin. A duchess, high in favour and confidence with the queen, had found her way into an obscure corner of the vessel, analogous to a garret in domestic buildings, where she slept upon a heap of old ropes: in the morning, a sailor strolled into the place, and chancing to pass over the unfortunate lady, excited her terrors to such a degree that her cries alarmed all who were in that quarter of the ship. On her case being reported to the queen, better accommodation was provided for her. The distress, moral and personal, of the whole party, was heart-rending. In the course of the morning, a man in the dress of a fisherman was rowed up to the vessel, and taken on board to a brief conference with the queen. His tall and handsome figure, and the extraordinary circumstance of his admission to the royal cabin, were remarked at the time by several officers; but it was not till several days after that they discovered him to be Murat.† Our informant, who, only in the preceding year, had attended a ball in Naples, where King Joachim appeared in all his glory, with the wife of the Prince Regent of England leaning admiringly on his arm, was deeply impressed by the recollection of his appearance on this occasion, and a consideration of the sad circumstances in which he and his consort were now placed.

Murat now proceeded to France, in the expectation of a warm reception from the chief in whose cause he had lost his kingdom. Napoleon might have pardoned him for his opposition in the preceding year, but he could not pardon his misfortunes. Fearful that the presence of an overthrown prince might dissipate his troops, he sent him a cold message, desiring him to remain where he was till he should be wanted. The defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, and the re-occupation of Paris by the friends of the Bourbons, soon after occurred, and rendered it unsafe for him any longer to remain in France. A price being put upon his head, he was obliged to take refuge in a lonely retreat near Toulon, whilst a vessel was preparing to carry him elsewhere. He embarked his suite and whole property in this ship, which was to come by night to a particular part of the coast, in order to take him on board. On the night of the 12th of August, he proceeded to the appointed spot, expecting to meet a boat from the vessel. But some misunderstanding prevented their encountering each other, and, after traversing the beach during the whole of a stormy night, he was obliged to provide for his safety by retreating to the interior, leaving the vessel to go to sea without him. Fortunately he did not return to his former retreat, where a party of soldiers had arrived in search of him. After spending two days in the woods, without shelter, rest, or nourishment, he ventured to enter a farmhouse, where he found only an old woman. Giving himself out as an officer from the garrison of Toulon, who had lost his way, he requested some food. She had set him down to a dish of fried eggs, when her master came in, and civilly joined in the feast. The host almost immediately after recognised him by his portraits, and, throwing himself at his feet, vowed eternal fidelity, and declared himself and all he had to be at the king's disposal. In the midst of this scene, the old woman, without regard to a fresh dish of eggs, which was overturned in the fire, hastened also to embrace the feet of the unhappy fugitive. Murat, deeply affected by their behaviour, raised, embraced, and blessed them both.

He remained concealed in the house of this worthy gentleman for several days, when some circumstances made it necessary that he should be removed. An unoccupied country house at some distance was provided, and another individual, a naval officer, was entrusted with the secret. Here Murat was kept for some time, till a military party one night approached for the purpose of taking him. "The house being placed upon an eminence," says his historian Macrone, "it would have been difficult to approach it by day without discovery; but aided as this party was by the darkness of the night, they made quite sure of taking their victim by surprise, which must have inevitably happened, if these imprudent assassins had not provided themselves with a lantern. The old dame, who was most fortunately watching at a window that looked towards the path which the ruffians were ascending, was alarmed at the appearance of the light, and immediately awaking the king, who was sleeping in his clothes with his arms beside him, apprised him

\* Naval surgeons were not ranked as officers, and consequently were not considered as gentlemen, in the Neapolitan, and, we believe, in other services.

† We have not observed this fact taken notice of in any hitherto published account of the expulsion of Murat from his kingdom.

of his danger. He instantly covered himself with his greatcoat, seized his poniard and two pair of holster pistols, slipped out at a back-door, and concealed himself under the thick foliage of the vines, at about thirty yards distance from the house. The old woman fastened the door after him, whilst the gang surrounded the house. She had the presence of mind to make some delay in opening the door, under pretence of requiring time to dress herself. In a few moments she disposed of the king's mattress, and set all to rights. This privileged banditti examined every corner of the house, and a party extended the search to the garden and vineyards; in doing which, the king heard several of them pass within a few paces of him, expressing their wish that they might find him, to enjoy the pleasure of cutting him to pieces, and dividing his spoils. The king afterwards informed me that it was his intention, in case he had been discovered, to kill as many of his assassins as he could; and then, rather than suffer himself to be taken alive, discharge his last pistol at his own head."

Murat soon after got off to sea, and after narrowly escaping shipwreck, landed in Corsica, where he was held in too much esteem by the people and the garrisons, to be in any danger from the Bourbon government. Here he received a permission, which he had formerly requested, to live in any part of the Austrian dominions as a private person, along with his family, who had already been kindly received in that country. But the popularity in which he found himself in Corsica, and some exaggerated accounts of the dissatisfaction of the Neapolitans with the legitimate sway of Ferdinand, determined him to make a descent on Calabria, in the mad hope of regaining his kingdom. With a small expedition of six vessels and two hundred soldiers, he left Corsica on the 28th of September, thus perilling his last chance even of existence on an enterprise the wildest ever undertaken. Having lost by storms all the vessels except that in which he himself sailed, and another, he landed at the small sea-port of Pizzo, October the 8th, leaving directions with Barbara, his naval commander, to keep close in shore, so as to be ready to receive him, in case of an unfavourable reception. Attended by only twenty-eight soldiers (including officers) and three domestics, he stepped proudly upon the quay of the little harbour. "Some mariners" recognised him, and shouted "Joachim for ever!" A few idle spectators joined the little band, as it proceeded towards the great square of Pizzo, where the soldiers of the district were then assembled to exercise. The ex-king considered this a fortunate circumstance: like a greater man in a similar situation, he boldly approached them, while his followers unfurled his standard, shouting "King Joachim for ever!" But the cry was repeated only by one peasant. The soldiers readily recognised his person, but preserved an obstinate silence.

One would have thought this example sufficient; yet he would continue his way to Monte-Leone, the capital of the province—conduct which can only be explained by a temporary aberration of mind. The road from Pizzo to Monte-Leone is rugged, precipitous, and difficult; and the little party had not made much progress, before they were pursued by one Trenta-Capilli, a captain of gendarmes, who headed a number of his men, and some other adherents of the place. (Joachim had never been a favourite with Pizzo, the trade of which he was accused of having injured.) By paths known only to themselves, some of their body gained the advance of the party, while the rest followed: thus were the adventurers placed between two fires. Murat, still in the hope of making a favourable impression, now advanced towards his assailants, and hailed them: the only answer was a shower of balls. One of his officers was killed, another wounded; but he would not suffer his companions to return the fire. His situation was desperate: he saw that his only chance of safety was by reaching the sea; and, leaping from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, while the shot whistled around him, he at length reached the beach. The treachery of Barbara could no longer be doubted: both vessels were at a considerable distance from the shore, indifferent spectators of his danger! A fishing-boat lay on the beach: he endeavoured to push it into the water, but was unequal to the effort. Some of his companions now joined him, but before they could embark, all were surrounded by the infuriate mob. Resistance was evidently vain: he surrendered his sword, begging only that his brave followers might be spared. But he spoke to the deaf: some of those faithful men were cut down at their master's side; the rest were hurried away with him, and cast into the same prison. Here the gendarmes searched him; and after depriving him of his money, his jewels, his letters of credit, they, unfortunately for him, found on his person a copy of his proclamation, which he had taken from one of his officers, and which he had imprudently neglected to destroy.

Joachim spent a few hours amidst his companions, most of whom were wounded, in a manner highly honourable to his heart—labouring to console them, as if he had no sorrows of his own. But he was soon removed from the common room into one more private, and more suited to his past dignity, and there waited on by General Nunziante, whose duty it was to interrogate him officially as to his disembarkation

at Pizzo. The conduct of this officer was honourable and delicate: he knew how to combine fidelity to his master with a deep sympathy for the fallen.

One of the ex-king's first steps was to write to the Austrian and English ambassadors, then at Naples, to interest them in his behalf. The letters were detained by the Neapolitan government until the writer was no more.

Orders now reached Pizzo to try General Murat as an enemy to the public peace, not by a civil tribunal, but by a military commission. This order was of course equivalent to a condemnation. Nunziante was unwilling to believe that such a measure would be persisted in, and suspended the proceedings until the commands of the court should be more fully known. On the evening of the 12th, however, his worst fears were confirmed: the members of the commission arrived, and brought with them a royal decree, which allowed the prisoner only half an hour after the sentence should be pronounced. The breathless haste of the ministers is not difficult to be explained: they no doubt either feared an insurrection of the people in his favour, or that if the foreign ambassadors heard of his detention, the accomplishment of their purpose might be thwarted.

It would be ridiculous to treat of such a trial as falling within any ordinary rules; but certainly the licence was pushed far in this case, for not one of the members of the commission was competent, under the existing law of Naples, to sit in judgment on an officer of the rank conceded to General Murat. They were eight in number—one adjutant-general, one colonel-commandant, two lieutenant-colonels, two captains, and two lieutenants; nor is it much to the credit of those officers that most of them had been indebted for their commissions to him of whose destruction they were the instruments.

Joachim declined the competency of the court—first as a sovereign prince, next as a marshal of France. He said to his advocate, "This tribunal is every way incompetent, and so contemptible, that I should be ashamed to appear before it. You cannot save my life, but you will allow me to save the royal dignity. The end in view is not justice, but condemnation: the members of the commission are not my judges, but my executioners. Speak not in my defence, I command you." But remonstrance and protests were vain: the commission sat, and proceeded.

In this last painful scene Murat behaved with more dignity than might have been expected. When, according to usage, the tribunal dispatched one of their body to ask his name, age, country, &c. he hastily cut short the vain formula: "I am Joachim Napoleon, King of the Two Sicilies; begone, sir!" He afterwards conversed with perfect coolness and evident satisfaction of all that he had done for his kingdom. He said, and said truly, that for whatever there was of good in the system of administration, the Neapolitans were indebted to him. He then briefly adverted to his present situation. "I had expected (said he) to find in Ferdinand a more humane and generous enemy: I would have acted very differently had our situations been reversed."

While Murat was thus speaking to the officers around him—all of whom addressed him by his kingly title, and otherwise treated him with great respect—the door opened, and one of the commissioners entered to read the sentence: he heard it unmoved. He then requested to see his companions—this was refused; but permission was given him to write to his wife. His letter was affectionate and affecting; he enclosed in it a lock of his hair, and delivered it unsealed to Captain Strati—another gentleman in the service of the reigning king, who exhibited the same honourable feeling as Nunziante.

When the fatal moment arrived, Murat walked with a firm step to the place of execution—as calm, as unmoved, as if he had been going to an ordinary review. He would not accept a chair, nor suffer his eyes to be bound. "I have braved death (said he) too often to fear it." He stood upright, proudly and undauntedly, with his countenance towards the soldiers; and when all was ready, he kissed a cornelian on which the head of his wife was engraved, and gave the word—thus, "Save my face—aim at my heart—fire!"

Thus perished one whom death had respected in two hundred combats, and most of whose errors must be ascribed to a wretched education, and a lamentable want of self-government, moral energy, reflection, and patience. Murat was the child of impulse and feeling, not of reason and judgment. Mental discipline might have concentrated his powers, but hardly without destroying the romance of his character. As a soldier, he had never a superior, but he was no general; as a king, he was liberal, even indulgent, though often arbitrary from passion or caprice, and profusely extravagant from his fondness for show; as a man, he was generous and open-hearted; as a politician, wavering, ill-advised, and weak. In his domestic relations he was loved more than respected. Of his wife, whose general talents were far superior to his own, he was fond; as a father, affectionate; as a friend, warm-hearted and faithful."

To this we can only add one remark—that Joachim Murat belonged to a system founded upon principles unjust and insulting to his fellow-creatures, and from which, therefore, no good could be expected to come. He and his friends, from the highest to the lowest, sought, in the main, only their own aggrandisement, with not only very little regard for the public good,

but in many respects and instances a total hostility to it. They succeeded to an amazing extent, and for an amazing length of time, in subjecting mankind to their selfish ends; but, as the poor rogue confesses in Goldsmith's novel, mankind were too much for them at last. It cannot be pretended that every instance of such erroneous conduct is sure to bring its own punishment: a desolator of nations may chance to escape much of the misery that naturally arises from his actions. But of such an exemption there can be no assurance; and when one who has only manifested the inferior passions of human nature, and employed himself in eliciting the same in others, falls a victim to them, he has only undergone a consequence which was, at all periods of his career, likely to occur.

### THE FIRST PRIMROSE.

[By Miss Mitford.]

It is March.—Fine March weather: boisterous, blustering, much wind, and squalls of rain; and yet the sky where the clouds are swept away deliciously blue, with snatches of sunshine, bright, and clear, and healthful, and the roads, in spite of the slight glittering showers, crisply dry. Altogether, the day is tempting, very tempting. It will not do for the dear common, that windmill of a walk; but the close sheltered lanes at the bottom of the hill, which keep out just enough of the stormy air, and let in all the sun, will be delightful. Past our old house, and round by the winding lanes, and the workhouse, and across the lea, and so into the turnpike road again—that is our route for to-day. Forth we set, May-flower and I, rejoicing in the sunshine, and still more in the wind, which gives such an intense feeling of existence, and, co-operating with brisk motion, sets our blood and our spirits in a glow. For mere physical pleasure, there is nothing perhaps equal to the enjoyment of being drawn, in a light carriage, against such a wind as this, by a blood horse at his height of speed. Walking comes next to it; but walking is not quite so luxurious or so spiritual, not quite so much what one fancies of flying, or being carried above the clouds in a balloon.

Nevertheless, a walk is a good thing; especially under this southern hedgerow, where nature is just beginning to live again: the periwinkles, with their starry blue flowers, and their shining myrtle-like leaves, garlanding the bushes; woodbines and elder-trees pushing out their small swelling buds; and grasses and mosses springing forth in every variety of brown and green. Here we are at the corner where four lanes meet, or rather where a passable road of stones and gravel crosses an impassable one of beautiful but treacherous turf, and where the small white farm-house, scarcely larger than a cottage, and the well-stocked rick-yard behind, tell of comfort and order, but leave all unguessed the great riches of the master. How he became so rich is almost a puzzle: for, though the farm be his own, it is not large; and, though prudent and frugal on ordinary occasions, Farmer Barnard is no miser. His horses, dogs, and pigs, are the best kept in the parish—May herself, although her beauty be injured by her fatness, half envies the plight of his bitch Fly; his wife's gowns and shawls cost as much again as any shawls or gowns in the village; his dinner parties (to be sure they are not frequent) display twice the ordinary quantity of good things—two couples of ducks, two dishes of green peas, two turkey poult, two gammons of bacon, two plum-puddings; moreover, he keeps a single-horse chaise, and has built and endowed a Methodist chapel. Yet is he the richest man in these parts. Every thing prospers with him. Money drifts about him like snow. He looks like a rich man. There is a sturdy squareness of face and figure; a good humoured obstinacy; a civil importance. He never boasts of his wealth, or gives himself undue airs; but nobody can meet him at market or vestry without finding out immediately that he is the richest man there. They have no child to all this money; but there is an adopted nephew, a fine spirited lad, who may, perhaps, some day or other, play the part of a fountain to the reservoir.

Now turn up the wide road till we come to the open common, with its park-like trees, its beautiful stream, wandering and twisting along, and its rural bridge. Here we turn again, past that other white farm-house, half hidden by the magnificent elms which stand before it. Ah! riches dwell not there; but there is found the next best thing—an industrious and light-hearted poverty. Twenty years ago Rachel Hilton was the prettiest and merriest lass in the country. Her father, an old gamekeeper, had retired to a village ale-house, where his good beer, his social humour, and his black-eyed daughter, brought much custom. She had lovers by the score; but Joseph White, the dashing and lively son of an opulent farmer, carried off the fair Rachel. They married and settled here, and here they live still, as merrily as ever, with fourteen children of all ages and sizes, from nineteen years to nineteen months, working harder than any people in the parish, and enjoying themselves more. I would match them for labour and laughter against any family in England. She is a blithe, jolly dame, whose beauty has amplified into comeliness: he is tall, and thin, and bony, with sinews like whipcord, a strong lively voice, a sharp weather-beaten face, and eyes and lips that smile and brighten, when he speaks, in a most

\* We here borrow from a volume of Mr Murray's excellent Family Library, entitled *The Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

contagious hilarity. They are very poor, and I often wish them richer; but I don't know—perhaps it might put them out.

Quite close to Farmer White's is a little ruinous cottage, whitewashed once, and now in a sad state, where dangling stockings and shirts swelled by the wind, drying in a neglected garden, give signal of a washerwoman. There dwells, at present in single blessedness, Betty Adams, the wife of our sometime gardener. I never saw any one who so much reminded me, in person, of that lady whom every body knows, Mistress Meg Merrilies; as tall, as grizzled, as stately, as dark, as gipsy-looking, bonneted and gowned like her prototype, and almost as oracular. Here the resemblance ceases. Mrs Adams is a perfectly honest, industrious, pains-taking person, who earns a good deal of money by washing and charring, and spends it in other luxuries than tidiness—in green tea, and gin, and snuff. Her husband lives in a great family ten miles off. He is a capital gardener—or rather he would be so, if he were not too ambitious. He undertakes all things, and finishes none. But a smooth tongue, a knowing look, and a great capacity of labour, carry him through. Let him but like his ale and his master, and he will do work enough for four. Give him his own way, and his full quantum, and nothing comes amiss to him.

Ah, May is bounding forward! Her silly heart leaps at the sight of the old place—and so, in good truth, does mine. What a pretty place it was—or rather, how pretty I thought it! I suppose I should have thought any place so where I had spent eighteen happy years. But it was really pretty. A large, heavy, white house, in the simplest style, surrounded by fine oaks, and elms, and tall massy plantations, shaded down into a beautiful lawn, by wild overgrown shrubs, bowery acacias, ragged sweet-briars, promontories of dog-wood, and Portugal laurel, and bays overhung by laburnum and bird-cherry; a long piece of water letting light into the picture, and looking just like a natural stream, the banks as rude and wild as the shrubbery, interspersed with broom, and furze, and bramble, and pollard oaks covered with ivy and honeysuckle; the whole enclosed by an old mossy park paling, and terminating in a series of rich meadows, richly planted. This is an exact description of the home which, three years ago, it nearly broke my heart to leave. What a tearing up by the root it was! I have pitied cabbage plants and celery, and all transplantable things, ever since; though, in common with them and with other vegetables, the first agony of the transportation being over, I have taken such firm and tenacious hold of my new soil, that I would not for the world be pulled up again, even to be restored to the old beloved ground; not even if its beauty were undiminished, which is by no means the case; for in those three years it has thrice changed masters, and every successive possessor has brought the curse of improvement upon the place: so that between filling up the water to cure dampness, cutting down trees to let in prospects, planting to keep them out, shutting up windows to darken the inside of the house (by which means one end looks precisely as an eight of spades would do that should have the misfortune to lose one of his corner pipes), and building colonnades to lighten the out, added to a general clearance of pollards, and brambles, and ivy, and honeysuckles, and park palings, and irregular shrubs, the poor place is so transmogrified, that if it had its old looking-glass, the water, back again, it would not know its own face. And yet I love to haunt round about it: so does May. Her particular attraction is a certain broken bank full of rabbit burrows, into which she insinuates her long pliant head and neck, and tears her pretty feet by vain scratchings: mine is a warm sunny hedgerow, in the same remote field, famous for early flowers. Never was a spot more variously flowery; primroses yellow, lilac white, violets of every hue, cowslips, oxlips, arums, orchises, wild hyacinths, ground ivy, pansies, strawberries, heart's-ease, formed a small part of the Flora of that wild hedgerow. How profusely they covered the sunny open slope under the weeping birch, "the lady of the woods," and how often have I started to see the early innocent brown snake, who loved the spot as well as I did, winding along the young blossoms, or rustling amongst the fallen leaves! There are primrose leaves already, and short green buds, but no flowers; not even in that furze cradle so full of roots, where they used to blow as in a basket. No, my May, no rabbits! no primroses! We may as well get over the gate into the woody winding lane, which will bring us home again.

Here we are making the best of our way between the old elms that arch so solemnly over head, dark and sheltered even now. They say that a spirit haunts this deep pool—a white lady without a head. I cannot say that I have seen her, often as I have paced this lane at deep midnight, to hear the nightingales, and look at the glow-worms; but there, better and rarer than a thousand ghosts, dearer even than nightingales or glow-worms, there is a primrose, the first of the year; a tuft of primroses, springing in yonder sheltered nook, from the mossy roots of an old willow, and living again in the clear bright pool. Oh, how beautiful they are—three fully blown and two bursting buds! how glad I am I came this way! They are not to be reached. Even Jack Rapley's love of the difficult and the unattainable would fail him here: May herself could not stand on that steep bank. So much the better. Who would wish to dis-

turb them? There they live in their innocent and fragrant beauty, sheltered from the storms, and rejoicing in the sunshine, and looking as if they could feel their happiness. Who would disturb them? Oh, how glad I am that I came this way home!—"Our Village."

#### A FORGOTTEN ENGLISH POET.

THE fastidious delicacy of the last century caused much of the literature of the preceding one to be despised and laid aside for its homeliness and ruggedness, without any regard to the fine simplicity, and wisdom, and wit, by which it was in many instances characterised. The more healthy taste of the present age has, however, reversed many unjust sentences thus passed upon old authors, and brought them once more into something like public favour. Among those who seem likely to regain a portion of their former reputation, is Andrew Marvell, the friend of Milton, and one of the wittiest, most generous, and most incorruptible men of his time. Marvell was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, in the year 1620, being the son of a clergyman of the same name, whose death took place under remarkable circumstances. In 1640, he embarked on the Humber, in company with a youthful pair, whom he was to marry at Barrow, in Lincolnshire. Though the weather was calm when they entered the boat, the old gentleman expressed a whimsical presentiment of danger, by throwing his cane ashore, and crying out, "Ho for heaven!" A storm came on, and the whole company perished.

Young Marvell, after receiving the rudiments of learning under his father, was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge; and while still a stripling, was inveigled to London by some Jesuits, from whose company and tenets he was with difficulty regained. In consequence of the death of his father, the gentleman whose daughter was to have been married at Barrow adopted the subject of our memoir as his son, conceiving his father to have sacrificed his life in performing an act of friendship. Marvell's education was thus enlarged. He travelled for his improvement over a considerable part of Europe, and in Italy is supposed to have met and formed an acquaintance with Milton. Before this time he had begun to exercise his poetical talents. At Rome he wrote his satire of *Flecnos*, which referred to a priest and incorrigible poetaster of that name: it is chiefly remarkable as having originated Dryden's superior and masterly satire of *Mac Flecnos*. At Paris, Marvell wrote another satire, holding up to ridicule one Lancelot Joseph de Maniban, a whimsical abbot, who pretended to prognosticate the fortunes of people from the characters of their handwriting. Of his residence and employment for many subsequent years, we have very little information. From a letter of his to Oliver Cromwell, dated in 1653, it appears that he was engaged by the Protector to superintend the education of a Mr Dutton, who was attending school at Eton. This letter, in some degree, unfolds Marvell's views on education; he writes that his pupil was "of a gentle and waxen disposition," that "he hath in him two things which make youth most easy to be managed—modesty, which is the bridle to vice, and emulation, which is the spur to virtue." There is more wisdom in the simplicity and tenderness of these sentences than meets the eye.

Marvell was, like Milton, a zealous patriot, but not devoted, as that illustrious poet was, to republican principles. It was, therefore, with less sacrifice to expediency, that, in 1657, he accepted employment under the military government of Cromwell. The place which he held under this usurper was that of assistant Latin secretary with Milton. In the ensuing year he was elected one of the members of Parliament for Hull, in which situation he gave so much satisfaction to his constituents that he was re-elected as long as he lived. His parliamentary career was remarkable on many accounts, but chiefly for the bold and vigorous appearance which it enabled him to make against the unprincipled proceedings of the government of Charles II. With assassination staring him in the face—for this was one of the means taken by the courtiers of those days to silence patriotic members—he was the opponent of every unrighteous measure, and on all occasions the steady friend of those liberties which were so frequently imperilled during the seventeenth century. At the beginning of the reign, indeed, we find him absent for two years in Germany and Holland; and on his return, having sought leave from his constituents, he accompanied Lord Carlisle as ambassador's secretary to the Northern Courts; but, from the year 1665 till his death, his attendance in the House of Commons was uninterrupted, and exhibits a seal in parliamentary duty that was never surpassed. Constantly corresponding with his constituents, he was at once earnest for their public rights and for their local interests. After the most fatiguing attendances, it was his practice to send them a minute statement of public proceedings, before he took either sleep or refreshment. Though he spoke rarely, his influence in both houses was so considerable, that when Prince Rupert (who often consulted him) voted on the popular side, it used to be said that the prince had been with his tutor. His

parliamentary letters, which have been preserved among the corporation records of Hull, are highly curious for the information which they give respecting both public and private matters. In addition to the legitimate stipend which he received for his attendance, and which he is said to have been one of the last to receive, his grateful constituents would sometimes send him a barrel of ale as a token of their regard. In reference to one of these gifts, which he received in conjunction with his colleague, honest Andrew is found writing as follows:—"We must give you thanks for the kind present you were pleased to send us, which will occasion us to remember you often; but the quantity is so great, that it might make sober men forgetful." On another occasion, he relates the circumstances of his presenting an address from them to their governor, the Duke of Monmouth:—"The duke," says he, "returned on Saturday from Newmarket. To-day I waited on him, and first presented him with your letter, which he read all over very attentively; and then prayed me to assure you that he would upon all occasions be most ready to give you marks of his affection, and assist you in any affairs you should recommend to him. I then delivered to him the six broad pieces, telling him I was deputed to blush on your behalf for the meanness of the present; but he took me off, and said he thanked you for it, and accepted it as a token of your kindness. He had, before I came in, as I was told, considered what to do with the gold; and but that I by all means prevented the offer, I had been in danger to be reimbursed with it."

One of the most interesting circumstances in the life of Marvell is his friendship for Milton. When the blind poet was obliged, after the Restoration, to go into retirement, Marvell was conspicuous among those who made a party to screen him from the vengeance of the government, and who visited him most frequently in his affliction. It is considered not improbable that the mock funeral which was performed, in order to deceive his enemies into a belief in his death, and which is allowed to have apparently been the means of sparing the poet of *Paradise Lost* to give that great work to his country, was suggested by the humour of Andrew Marvell.

The subject of our memoir was also acquainted with King Charles II., who appreciated him highly for his wit. Marvell, however, had no disposition for a court life, as he himself tells us in a beautiful imitation of Seneca:—

Climb at court for me that will,  
Trotting favour's pinnacles;  
All I seek is to lie still.  
Settled in some secret nest,  
In calm leisure let me rest;  
And, far off the public stage,  
Pass away my silent age.  
Thus when without noise, unknown,  
I have lived out all my span,  
I shall die, without a groan,  
An old honest countryman.  
Who, exposed to other's eyes,  
Into his own heart ne'er pries,  
Death's to him a strange surprise.

One morning, after he had been familiarly entertained the preceding evening by his majesty, the door of his apartment, up two pair of stairs in a court in the Strand, was opened by Lord-Treasurer Danby. Marvell, who was writing at his table, was surprised, and asked his lordship if he had not mistaken his way. "No," replied the courtier, "now I have found Mr Marvell;" and he proceeded to say that he was sent from his majesty, to know in what manner he could serve him. Marvell first jestingly replied that it was not in the king's power to serve him; but when the minister proceeded, with great seriousness, to speak of his majesty's esteem and friendship for him, and actually made him an offer of a thousand pounds, with promises of future favours, the patriot with equal seriousness assured the lord-treasurer that he was not in want of the king's assistance, and humorously illustrated his independence by calling his servant to witness that he had dined for three days successively on a shoulder of mutton. It is said that, after this rejection of the wages of dishonour, he went to a friend and borrowed a guinea.

Marvell frequently employed his pen in writing in defence of the popular liberties, and lashing the minions of a despotic and dissolute court. His reply to a slavish pamphlet of Dr Samuel Parker not only refuted and silenced that writer, but survived in public approbation to receive the applause of Swift. His satirical prose is marked by a seriousness of surface, thinly iced over a mine of humour, which reminds us very much of the writings of the Dean of St Patrick's. And of this we shall present a specimen in a parody which he wrote upon the speeches of the King to his Parliament:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

I told you at our last meeting the winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till my lord-treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies. I hope, therefore, that April will not prove so unnatural a month as not to afford some kind showers on my parched exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it: for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me, I will always want; and although in other things my word may be thought a

slender authority, yet in that, you may rely on me, I will never break it.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I can bear my straits with patience; but my lord-treasurer does protest to me that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too. One of us must pinch for it, if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you. I have a passable good estate, I confess; but, odd's-fish! I have a great charge upon it. Here is my lord-treasurer can tell that all the money designed for next summer's guards, must, of necessity, be applied to the next year's cradles and swaddling clothes. What shall we do for ships then? I hint this only to you, it being your business, not mine. I know, by experience, I can live without ships. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how you will be without, I leave to yourselves to judge, and therefore hint this only by the bye: I do not insist upon it. There is another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this: it seems a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleased to continue it. I have to say for it: pray, why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you too if you do not give me more; so that, if you stick not to me, you must not have a friend in England. On the other hand, if you will give me the revenue I desire, I shall be able to do those things for your religion and liberty that I have had long in my thoughts, but cannot effect them without a little more money to carry me through. Therefore, look to't, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lie at your doors. For my part, I wash my hands on it. But that I may gain your good opinion, the best way is to acquaint you what I have done to deserve it, out of my royal care for your religion and your property. For the first, my proclamation is a true picture of my mind. He that cannot, as in a glass, see my zeal for the church of England, does not deserve any farther satisfaction; for I declare him wilful, abominable, and not good. Some may perhaps be startled, and cry, how comes this sudden change? To which I answer, I am a changing, and that is sufficient, I think. But to convince men farther that I mean what I say, there are these arguments—

First, I tell you so, and you know I never break my word.

Secondly, My lord-treasurer says so, and he never told a lie in his life.

Thirdly, My Lord Lauderdale will undertake it for me; and I should be loth, by any act of mine, he should forfeit the credit he has with you.

I must now acquaint you, that, by my lord-treasurer's advice, I have made a considerable retrenchment upon my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop, but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchen-stuff; of which, by the way, upon my conscience, neither my lord-treasurer nor my Lord Lauderdale are guilty. I tell you my opinion; but if you should find them dabbled in that business, I tell you plainly, I leave them to you; for I would have the world to know I am not a man to be cheated.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I desire you to believe me as you have found me; and I do solemnly promise you, that whatsoever you give me shall be specially managed with the same conduct, trust, sincerity, and prudence, that I have ever practised since my happy restoration."

The poetry of Marvell betrays, as Mr Campbell has remarked, "some adherence to the school of conceit;" yet it is marked by a fine and active fancy, a keen relish of the beauties of nature, and much of it comes warm and pure from the heart. In an early number of the Journal, we quoted his beautiful address to a "Drop of Dew;" we shall here present our readers with another poem, displaying equal excellence:—

#### THE GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,  
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:  
And their incessant labours see  
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,  
Whose short and narrow-verged shade  
Does prudently their toils upbraid;  
While all the flow'rs, and trees, do close,  
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,  
And Innocence, thy sister dear?  
Mistaken long, I sought you then  
In busy companies of men.  
Your sacred plants, if here below,  
Only among the plants will grow.  
Society is all but rude  
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen  
So am'rous as this lovely green.  
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
Cut in these trees their mistresses' name.  
Little, alas, they know or heed  
How far these beauties here exceed!  
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,  
No name shall but your own be found.

What wond'rous life in this I lead!  
Ripe apples drop about my head.  
The luscious clusters of the vine  
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.

The nectarine, and curious peach,  
Into my hands themselves do reach.  
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Mean while the mind, from pleasure less,  
Withdraws into its happiness:  
The mind, that ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance find;  
Yet it creates, transcending these,  
Far other worlds, and other seas;  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
Casting the body's vest aside,  
My soul into the boughs does glide:  
There, like a bird, it sits and sings;  
Then whets, and clasps its silver wings;  
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,  
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,  
While man there walk'd without a mate:  
After a place so pure and sweet,  
What other help could yet be meet!  
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share  
To wander solitary there:  
Two paradises are in one,  
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skillful gard'ner drew  
Of flow'rs, and herbs, this dial new!  
Where, from above, the milder sun  
Does through a fragrant sodic run:  
And, as it works, th' industrious bee  
Computes its time as well as we.  
How could such sweet and wholesome hours  
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs?"

Marvell died suddenly, July 29, 1678, while attending a public meeting in Hull—it is supposed by poison, as his health had previously been good. In his person he was handsome, of a very dark complexion, with long flowing black hair, black bright eyes, and an expressive countenance. He was of a strong constitution, and active temperate habits; reserved among strangers, but familiar, entertaining, and facetious among his friends. Such was Andrew Marvell, M.P. for Hull, that "old honest countryman."

#### BARBAROUS AMUSEMENTS OF THE ROMANS. BY PROFESSOR TENNANT.

THE Roman taste for barbarous and bloody amusements is well known. This liking for bloody entertainments was doubtless owing, in the first instance, to their national character as a people of robbers or of soldiers—for the two names are closely allied in nature as well as in their language—and, latterly, was farther cherished and inflamed by their gladiatorial exhibitions—most inhuman and infamous spectacles, which it was the glory of Christianity to extirpate, but which, during the long prevalence of their degrading popularity, were sufficient to taint and barbarise the minds, hearts, and manners of a whole people. Yet amid such a people arose a Virgil, the most tender-hearted of poets—and a Cicero, the most Christian-minded, as indeed he was the most splendid, writer of antiquity. As a melancholy contrast to the humane sentiments inspired by the writings of these gentle spirits, not only the Roman populace, but the Roman nobility and emperors, indulged themselves in amusements that were atrociously barbarous and homicidal. The emperor Valentinian, who was in many respects a prince rather to be commended than disparaged, kept two fierce she-bears in a cell near his bedchamber, which were fed with the *flesh of human beings*, who were thrown, it appears, alive into the cells as breakfasts and dinners to the teeth of these ravenous animals. To these homicidal monsters the emperor, in the fullness of his good-humour, bestowed the pretty names of *Innocence* and of *Golden Crumb*. Trusty and affectionate keepers were set over them, to take care that they should be regularly fed with their cannibal fare, and that in all other respects they should be cleanly and handsomely kept. Of these two royal anthropophagi darlings of royalty, *Innocence* was the best beloved, because she had a more rapacious appetite, and tore a man in pieces with more grace and expedition. As a reward for this her superiority, and as having merited her liberty on this account more than her sister *Golden Crumb*, her cell-door was one day opened for her, and she took farewell of royalty and of mankind, to enjoy for ever the freedom of the adjoining forests. In connection with this incident, and with this strange taste of the Romans, it may be deserving of remark, that, in the excavated chambers of the buildings of Pompeii, there appears in one of the principal rooms a small cell, evidently, as appears to the writer of this article, allotted to the purpose of keeping wild beasts for the amusement of the proprietor: a purpose, however, which

the compiler of the interesting volumes entitled "Pompeii" could not reconcile with the manners of Roman life, but which receives apparently sufficient confirmation from the anecdote of Valentinian above related.

#### THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

The storm hath ceased its wintry roar,  
Hoarse dash the billows of the sea,  
But who on Thule's desert shore  
Cries, Have I burn'd my harp for thee?

MACKENZIE.

THESE interesting islands, which form the extreme northern portion of the United Kingdom, and receive the general names of Zetland, Shetland, and Hialtland, are situated in the Northern Ocean, at the distance of about fifteen leagues north-east of the Orkneys, and forty-four leagues west of Bergen, in Norway, which is the nearest point of continental Europe. They chiefly lie betwixt the fifty-ninth and sixty-first degree of north latitude. There are three principal islands in the group, namely, the Mainland; next, on the north, Yell; and still farther north-east, Uist. On the east of Yell lies Fetlar, which is the largest of the inferior islands. The next in point of size is Bressay, which is situated on the east coast of the Mainland. The smaller islands, islets, and isolated rocks or skerries, need not be particularised.

In this remote and singular group of islands, nature appears in her wildest dress. Every where are seen barren and leafless mountains, rocks piled upon rocks, affording in their hollow deeps lodgements for water, woodless tracts, the haunt of wild mountain sheep, and the prospect is closed around by a tempestuous ocean. By the action of the sea upon the coast, scenery is formed of the most sublime description.

In the island of Papa-stour, there are numerous romantic caverns, produced by this cause. On the east of this island a high insulated rock is perforated through and through, and as we endeavour with a boat to trace through a frightful gloom its various sinuosities, a break of daylight suddenly rushes through an irregular opening made from the summit of the crag, which serves to light up the entrance to a dark and vaulted den, through which the ripples of the swelling tide, in their passage through it, are converted by an echo into low and distant murmurs. On the north-west of the island, Lyra Skerry, Fulge Skerry, and other insulated rocks and stacks, rise boldly out of the sea, richly clothed on their summits with stripes of green turf, but presenting perpendicular sides, and entrances into dark caverns that resemble the vaulted arches of some Gothic crypt. In Lyra Skerry, so named from the number of lyres or puffs by which it is frequented, there is a perforation throughout its whole breadth; yet so violent are the currents that force their way through it, that a passage is forbidden to the explorer except when the ocean shows no sterner wrinkles than are to be found on the surface of some sheltered lake. On the west of Northmaven a large cavernous aperture, ninety feet wide, is the avenue to two immense perforations, named the Holes of Scraada, where, in one of them running two hundred and fifty feet into the land, the sea flows to its utmost extremity. Each has an opening at a distance from the ocean, by which the light of the sun is partially admitted. Other parts of the coast of these islands are equally grand and terrific in their appearance, from the eternal lashing of the boisterous ocean, which by the force of tides and winds rages with uncontrolled fury.

These islands, although magnificent and varied in their cliff scenery, are not imposing at a distance, as their general height above the sea is inconsiderable, the loftiest hill, that of Roeness, in the parish of Northmaven, only attaining about fifteen hundred feet of elevation; while the surface of the country is seldom broken into rough picturesque summits, but disposed in long undulating heathy ridges, among which are very many pieces of flat swampy ground, and numerous uninteresting fresh-water lakes. Hence the grand and diversified appearance of the land is not perceived by the stranger till he approaches close to the shore; but then, as his bark is hurried on by the sweeping winds and tides, the projecting bluff headlands and continuous ranges of rocky precipices begin to develop themselves, as if to forbid his landing, as well as to defy the further encroachments of the mighty surges by which they have so long been beaten.

Although of course treeless, and almost shrubless, and, in general, brown and heathy, the pastures of Zetland nevertheless frequently exhibit broad belts of short velvety sward, adorned with a profusion of little meadow plants, the more large and beautiful in their flower-cups, as the size of their stems is stunted by the boisterous arctic winds. Many beautiful cultivated spots occur, especially towards the southern end of the Mainland; and the retired mansions of the clergy and gentry, scattered throughout the islands, are uniformly encircled with smiling fields, and occasionally with garden ground.

Large landlocked bays, protected from the fury of the ocean by rocky breastworks and islets, afford numerous sheltered havens to boats and shipping; and the long narrow arms and inlets of the sea, called *goes* or *voes*, which almost penetrate from side to side of the islands, diversify the surface, and exhibit innumerable varieties of cliff scenery, and contending tides and currents.

Although exceedingly tempestuous, foggy, and rainy, especially when the wind blows from the south or west, the climate of Shetland is, from its insular position, on the whole, milder than its high latitude would otherwise occasion, and the inhabitants are hence athletic and healthy; but the seasons are so uncertain, the vicissitudes of temperature so rapid and frequent, and the autumnal gales so heavy, that but little dependence is to be placed on the grain crops raised in the islands. The winter, although not characterized by much snow and frost, is dark and gloomy; but this is counterbalanced and compensated by the great continued light of the summer months, during which the night is almost as bright as the day. "The nights," as remarked by Dr Edmonstone, "begin to be very short early in May, and from the middle of that month to the end of July darkness is absolutely unknown. The sun scarcely quits the horizon, and his short absence is supplied by a bright twilight. Nothing can surpass the calm serenity of a fine summer night in the Zetland isles. The atmosphere is clear and unclouded, and the eye has an uncontrolled and extensive range; the hills and headlands then look more majestic, and they have a solemnity superadded to their grandeur; the water in the bays appears dark, and as smooth as glass; no living object interrupts the tranquillity of the scene, but a solitary gull skimming the surface of the sea; and there is nothing to be heard but the distant murmuring of the waves among the rocks."

The history of Shetland may be told in a few words. The islands were visited and settled by the Scandinavians, a race of men from Norway, of Gothic origin, about the sixth century, and became the progenitors of the present race of inhabitants. The Shetlanders continued under the authority of the Norwegian princes, and were governed by their ancient simple laws, till they fell into the hands of James III., king of Scotland, in 1468, in the character of a pledge for the payment of the dowry of his queen, which pledge has never been redeemed. After coming under the sway of the Scottish monarchs, both the Orkney and Shetland islands were dominated over and plundered by various court favourites; the old laws were in time abolished; the feudal system with all its complicated troubles introduced; and at length, after a world of bad usage, the islanders found themselves in a state of peace and legal protection under the usual British fiscal arrangements of justices of peace and sheriffs. Orkney and Shetland now form one of the Scottish counties, and join in sending a member to Parliament; although it should be mentioned that exceedingly little intercourse subsists betwixt the two groups of islands, which differ very materially in respect of manners and character. The Shetland islands compose twelve parishes, each with a church and clergyman, and a school. In 1831, the total population of the islands amounted to about 29,000, being nearly doubled since the year 1755.

Shetland has been long celebrated for its very diminutive breed of black cattle and ponies, which do not sometimes look much bigger than good-sized Newfoundland dogs. The black cattle are largely exported to the Mainland, either killed and salted, or alive for feeding to a greater bulk. The small Shetland ponies, which are barrel-bellied, broad-backed, and of a brown or black colour, are well known throughout Scotland by the name of *shelties*. The sheltie is left to feed on the hills during the whole year; and in the most inclement weather of winter, is never admitted within the warm walls of a stable, being frequently compelled to subsist on the drift ware that is left by the ebb of the tides. In spring, these animals are often in such a half-starved state, owing to their scanty supply of winter food, that the growth of the summer herbage becomes necessary before they can so far recover their strength as to bear a rider over the moors of the country. These hardy creatures are seldom more than nine or eleven hands high, and can soon be made ready for travelling. When a journey is meditated, the Shetlander goes to the *Southfold*, enanars the unsaddled sheltie, occasionally equips him with a modern saddle and bridle, and hangs on his neck a hair cord several yards in length, well bundled up, from the extremity of which dangles a wooden sharp-pointed stake. The traveller then mounts his tiny courser, his feet being often lifted up to escape the boulders strewn in his way; and when arrived at his destination, he carefully unravels the tether attached to the neck of the animal, seeks for a verdant piece of soil, and fixes the stake into the ground. The steed is then considered as comfortably disposed of, until his master shall return. Shetland likewise feeds a considerable number of sheep, which are also small in size; but their flesh is peculiarly sweet, and rivals in flavour the best Welsh mutton. The chief use to which the wool is applied is the knitting of stockings and mits, both for home consumption and exportation.

The land products of Shetland sink into insignificance in point of mercantile value or extent, in comparison with the natural riches of its shores, which swarm with many kinds of fish. The occurrence of a

fine Shetland evening is always shown by numerous boats covering the surface of each bay, the crews of which are engaged in angling for the small fry of the cod-fish, or *Gadus carbonarius*, known in Shetland by the name of *sethe*. These swarm in myriads within the numerous creeks and sounds of the Northern Archipelago. They first appear in May, scarcely more than an inch long, and in comparatively small quantities, but gradually increase as the summer season advances, when about August they become very abundant, measuring at that time from six to eight inches in length. During this time the fry are distinguished by the name of sillocks. About the month of March ensuing, they are found to have grown to the length of about fifteen inches, when they acquire the name of pillocks. After this period they thrive very fast, attaining the ordinary size of the cod-fish; a profitable fishery then takes place of them in deep tideways, under the name of *sethes*.

So easily are captures made of the small fry, that while active manhood is left at liberty to follow the more laborious occupations of the deep-water fishery, or to navigate the Greenland seas, it is to the sinewless arm of youth, or to the relaxed fibres of old age, that the light task is consigned of wielding the sillock-rod. The lavish abundance in which the fry of the sethe visit the inlets of Shetland, affords sufficient matter for contemplation to the reflecting mind. Among islands, the severe climate of which is too often fatal to the labours of husbandry—where the reduced state of labour, resulting from the debased political state of the country, precludes the purchase of meal at a cost much above the usual price in commercial districts—under such circumstances, what is there that can possibly render a few insulated rocks capable of supporting a population of more than 28,000 souls? The reply is not difficult: That kind Providence,

—who pours his bounties forth

With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,

has not neglected the obscure shores of Hialtland. Amidst the occasional visitations of famine, the severity of which overwhelms with despair the population of the south, prompting to every act of civil insubordination, the Shetland peasant has only to launch his skiff on the waters which glide past his own dwelling, and he finds that a bounteous supply awaits him at his very door. The fry of the sethe, in a scarce winter, has constituted the breakfast, the dinner, and the supper, of the Shetland peasant. The livers are also converted to an important use; being collected in a tub, they are boiled for oil, and the overplus is sold. "Thus," says a female writer of Thule (Miss Campbell) with much eloquence, "the two articles most required in a climate like that of Shetland have been abundantly provided—these are fire and light. The natives have, for their labour, as much fuel as they can consume. Whatever wants may be in a Zetland hut, there is seldom or never a good fire wanting. The fish, which they catch almost at their doors, supply them with the means of light. The cold and darkness of their long winters are thus mercifully robbed of their terror; and in the mud-walled cottage of the Zetlanders, the providence of God is as conspicuous, and as surely felt, as in those favoured lands which flow with milk and honey, and where the sun shines in all its glory." The ling fishery of Shetland is reckoned the chief in this branch of employment. This fishery commences in the middle of May, and ends on the 12th of August. It is well known that the ling frequent the deep valleys of the sea; the cod resort to the high banks. Another fish caught along with the ling, and resembling it, is the *Gadus brosur*, or *torok*, commonly named *tusk*; but it does not attain the same length. In this fishery, cod is also taken, though sparingly. Recently, the ling, tusk, and cod fisheries have been equalled, if not greatly surpassed, in productiveness, by the herring fisheries. The herring, it would seem, which used to be taken off the east coast of Caithness, and other parts of the mainland of Scotland, has emigrated into the northern seas, and last season was caught to a vast amount. From these various branches of fishery, the inhabitants of Shetland will no doubt speedily reap that rich harvest, which, from their meritorious industry, they so well deserve.

When Orkney and Shetland were transferred from the government of Norway to that of Scotland, the Scandinavian natives of these islands gradually abandoned the Norse language, but they still retain many Norwegian terms, and, along with these, their own national accent, which is distinguished by an acuteness of tone and an elevation of voice, that has much of the spirit of the English mode of utterance, while their pronunciation partakes of the still more modulated and impassioned tones of the Irish. But among none of the natives is to be found the Scotch peculiarity of expression, which is less diversified by alterations of grave and acute accents.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the inhabitants generally is their great hospitality. This they possess in a pre-eminent degree, and in connection with their kindness of heart, such a sincerity of purpose, that would make up for a thousand deficiencies. If the Shetlander lives in a country exposed to the rage of stormy seas, or the action of a dismal atmosphere, and unornamented by the usual attributes of trees and living fences, or spread out a trackless wilderness, are not all these and every other want supplied by an unflinching buoyancy of spirits, contentment under dif-

ficulties, and a sociality of sentiment, rarely excelled in more fortunate climes? Their hospitality has been celebrated in the Northern Sagas, and there still remains all the practice of it recommended in the Hávamal of Odin—"To the guest who enters your dwelling with frozen knees, give the warmth of your fire; and he who hath travelled over the mountains hath need of food and well-dried garments." These traits of character, as well as the delight which all classes feel in dancing, music, and parties of pleasure, have been well described in the romance of "the Pirate," by the Author of Waverley, and need not here be dwelt on at length.

The only town in Shetland is Lerwick, a sea-port, built in the form of a crescent, upon the margin of a bay, on the west side of the spacious harbour of Bressay Sound, opposite the island of that name. The houses are generally built without order or regularity; and many of them according to the Norwegian fashion, with their ends projecting into the streets. A small fort, named Fort Charlotte, commands the harbour, and protects the town from any attack by sea. Lerwick is a rendezvous for a considerable number of vessels in the whale and herring fisheries, and carries on a regular and pretty extensive trade with Leith, by means of well-appointed smacks. It is by these vessels that nearly all the intercourse of Shetland with the mainland of Scotland takes place. The inhabitants of Lerwick, though situated at a very remote point of the British islands, are fully on a par in respect of education and general intelligence with those of places more highly favoured from local circumstances, and their manners differ in no respect from those of the inhabitants of the south. Like their brother islanders, they are justly renowned for their courtesy and hospitality towards strangers. The town has branches of two Scottish banks, which prove of great use to the district. The population of the town and parish of Lerwick exceeds 3000 souls. Lerwick boasts no kind of manufactory except one of straw-plait, and no public buildings except one, which serves as a town-house, court of justice, masonic lodge, and prison; to which may be added the parish kirk, and dissenting meeting-house. Provisions are here abundant, and the price of living is about one-half of what it is in Scotland. This latter particular may not be unworthy of the attention of small annuitants.

Those who either design to proceed to settle in, or to make the tour of the Shetland islands, are recommended to peruse the account given of them in Anderson's Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, which abounds in interesting details.

#### CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.

UPON the phenomena of capillary attraction—or the rising of liquids in confined situations, or round the edges of vessels—of which so exceedingly little is satisfactorily known by scientific men, the following results are lucidly stated in a useful work just published, entitled "FACTS, LAWS, AND PHENOMENA OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY," translated from the French of Professor Quetelet of Brussels, and edited by Mr Robert Wallace, Teacher of Mathematics in Glasgow.

"When a body is immersed in a liquid, and is easily wetted, the liquid rises round it, and exhibits a concave surface; if it is not easily wetted, the liquid sinks round it, and exhibits a convex surface. There are also some bodies, round which, when immersed, the liquid sensibly preserves its level.

*Example.* Water rises round a glass plate well cleaned; and on the contrary, sinks round it, if it be greased. Mercury rises round a plate of gold, and sinks round a wet plate of glass. Water preserves its level round a plate of steel well polished, such as the blade of a razor, and mercury round a very dry plate of glass.

When instead of one plate, two plates brought nearly into contact are immersed in the liquid, the phenomena of rising and sinking are much more evident.

These phenomena may be rendered strikingly evident, by using cylindrical tubes of a very small bore, which are for this reason called capillary tubes.

When the mutual attraction of the particles of a liquid is weaker than the attraction of the bodies which are immersed in them, the liquid is attracted a very small distance above its level; in the contrary case, the liquid sinks a little below its level. If the attractions in both be equal, the liquid preserves its level.

The attractive force of the solid body decreases very rapidly in proportion as the distance increases; so that the difference in the thickness of the body does not alter the results of the experiment.

The attractive force of a solid or hollow cylinder on the liquid, determines only the curvature of the liquid; and the rising or sinking arises from the action of the liquid on itself.

Independently of terrestrial gravity, the corpuscular attraction tends to make the particles at the surface proceed into the interior of the liquid. Its action, when the surface is concave, is weaker than when it is plane; it is stronger, on the contrary, when the surface is convex.

In narrow cylindrical tubes, the surface of the liquid is nearly spherical; and in this case, the action is in the inverse ratio of the radius.

*Example.* In a very narrow tube, such as that of a thermometer or barometer, the liquid will rise to a very considerable height, if its surface be concave;

and it will be as much depressed, if its surface be convex. The ascension or depression would become double, triple, &c. if the diameter of the tube became twice, thrice, &c. smaller.

The liquid is solicited, near the body which determines its curvature, by a force greater or less than that which acts on the plane surface situated at a greater distance; it must therefore rise or fall until the equilibrium be established.

If the surface be not spherical, its action on itself is composed of half the sum of the actions of the two spheres, which would have for the radii the greatest and the smallest radius of curvature.

*Example.* Many bodies are perforated with holes or capillary tubes of different sizes, in which the liquid takes different curvatures, which determine its ascension or depression. It is thus that a piece of sugar rapidly imbibes the liquid which touches its surface. Sponge collects in its interstices the water with which it is brought into contact. Water rises also to the top of a heap of sand, and to the extremity of plants by their capillary vessels. It is also by the capillary action that oil rises in the wicks of lamps. By means of a wick, the oil which swims on water may be transferred from one vessel to another.

If two parallel plates are immersed in a fluid, the liquid will rise between them half as high as in a tube which would have for its diameter the distance of the plates.

*Observation.* One of the two radii of curvature becoming infinite, the part of the attraction which relates to it is nothing. When the two plates are rectangular and form an angle, the liquid rises indefinitely to the top of the angle, and its curvature takes the form of a hyperbola.

A drop of liquid put into a conical tube, supported on an inclined plane, makes its way to the top.

*Observation.* If the tube were cylindrical, the drop would remain in equilibrium. A drop of oil between two planes which form an angle, tends also to rise to the vertex of the angle.

Two plates placed freely in a liquid, tend always to approach each other at the top.

If two bodies easily wetted be made to float on a liquid, they will approach towards each other; and this will even take place, if the two bodies be not easily wetted.

If only one of the bodies be easily wetted, they will separate from each other.

*Observation.* The preceding results can be demonstrated only mathematically: they were established by the illustrious Laplace, and are perfectly conformable to the results of the experiments made by Harknbee under the direction of Newton, and by Gay-Lussac."

#### MRS BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

[By Elia.]

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game." This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamblers, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one, to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has alight a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sat bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards: and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the air of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candour, declared that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she would

up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favourite author: his Rape of the Lock her favourite work. She once did me the favour to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, *tradrille*. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr Bowles: but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which the constancy of whist abhors: the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the aces; the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; above all, the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching in the contingencies of whist; all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solid* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-exist in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroils of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel—perpetually changing postures and connections—bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow—kissing and scratching in a breath; but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational, antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flashes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and colour, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field? She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stript it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps? Why two colours, when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?

"But the eye," my dear madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your Quaker spirit of unsensualising would have kept out. You, yourself, have a pretty collection of paintings; but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to that you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court cards? the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sabres—the 'hoary majesty of spades'—Pam in all his glory!

"All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, picture-less. But the beauty of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and turneys in! Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers—(work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol—or as profanely enlightening their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestor's money), or chalk and a slate!"

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favourite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from

Florence:—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "go"—or "that's a go." She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five dollar stake), because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring "two for his heels." There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms, such as pique, repique, the capot—they savoured, she thought, of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrade, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck sympathetically, or for your play. Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in *tradrille*. But in square games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to every species—though the latter can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold, or even an interested, bystander witnesses it, but because your partner sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, for nothing. Chance, she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion!—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious, that cannot be glory. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself?—or before spectators, where no stake was depending?—Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize?—Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of overreaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another's; like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a game wanting the spritely infusion of chance—the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of castles, and knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head-contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those pany objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards; that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but play at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we are as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious games of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.

## GALLANT CONDUCT OF A SAILOR BOY.

In the month of October 1811, the sloop *Fame* of Carron—a place on the upper part of the Firth of Forth—while on her voyage from London to Scotland, was unfortunately captured off the coast of Northumberland, by a large French privateer. All the crew of the sloop were immediately transferred to the French vessel, as prisoners of war, with the exception of an old man and a boy, who were left on board, in company with half a dozen Frenchmen, to carry the vessel into a French port. But this, as it appeared, was easier said than done. After parting from the privateer, the sloop made the best of her way towards the coast of France, but she had not proceeded long in this direction when a heavy gale began to blow from the south-east, which drove her to the north; the wind, however, shifting to the north-east, she was now driven into the mouth of the Firth of Forth, with the navigation of which the Frenchmen, as well as the old man belonging to the sloop, were totally unacquainted. The night, which had come on, being excessively dark as well as stormy, and all the candles and oil being either expended or thrown overboard, the compass was rendered useless, and the vessel was allowed to go before the wind. In this predicament, and with almost the certainty of destruction before them, the boy luckily recognised the facketh beacon light, took possession of the helm, and carried the vessel in safety up the Firth. Knowing that there was a man-of-war lying at St Margaret's Hope, he ran the sloop for that anchorage; and on coming alongside hailed aloud that he had six French prisoners on board, and demanded assistance to secure them! A boat was instantly put off; but the moment the crew came on board, the little fellow, who was only thirteen years of age, seized on the Frenchmen's pistols as his right of conquest, and resolutely refused to give them up. The Frenchmen, who were glad to exchange death for captivity, warmly acknowledged the skill and intrepidity of the boy in navigating the vessel, to which their own safety and that of the ship and cargo were altogether owing. A statement of the whole affair was duly transmitted to the Admiralty, but we regret we are unable to say whether or not the manly little fellow obtained any reward for this piece of service, or arrived at that eminence in his profession which his spirit and gallantry at so early an age seemed to prognosticate.

## HYDROPHOBIA.

HARDY, in his *Travels* in Mexico, gives the following account of the practice of curing hydrophobia in that country:—"I was at San Miguel de Horcasitas (says he), where a person afflicted with hydrophobia was tied up to a post with strong cords, and a priest was administering the last offices of religion. As the approach of a paroxysm, the unfortunate sufferer, with infuriated looks, desired the priest to get out of the way, for that he felt a desire to bite every body he could catch hold of. An old woman who was present said she would undertake his cure; and although there were none who believed it possible that she could effect it, yet the hope that she might do so, and the certainty of the patient's death if nothing were attempted, bore down all opposition, and her services were accepted. She poured a powder into half a glass of water, mixed it well, and in the intervals between the paroxysms, she forced the mixture down his throat. The effects were exactly such as she had predicted—namely, that he would almost instantly lose all power over his bodily and mental faculties, and that a death-like stupor would prevail, without any symptoms of animation, for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, according to the strength of his constitution; that at the end of this period, the effects of the mixture would arouse the patient, and its violent operation, as emetic and cathartic, would last about ten or fifteen minutes, after which he would be able to get upon his legs, and would feel nothing but the debility which had been produced by the combined effects of the disease and the medicine. She mentioned also that the fluid to be discharged from the stomach would be as black as charcoal, and offensive to the smell. All this literally took place at the end of about twenty-six hours, and the patient was liberated from one of the most horrible and affecting deaths to which mortality is subject. She had her own way of accounting for the effects of this disease. She termed it a local complaint attacking the mouth, which by degrees it irritates and inflames; this ripens the virus, which is conveyed to the brain by means of the nerves, and is received also into the stomach with the saliva. The poison thus matured in the mouth, and at the root of the tongue, converts the whole of the fluids of the stomach into a poisonous bile, which, if it be not quickly removed, communicates with the blood, and shortly destroys life.

The following is the method of cure:—The person under the influence of this disease must be well secured, that he may do no mischief either to himself or others. Soak a rennet in a little more than half a tumbler of water, for about five minutes. When this has been done, add of pulverised savadilla as much as may be taken up by the thumb and three fingers. Mix it thoroughly, and give it to the patient (that is, force it down his throat in an interval between the paroxysms). The patient is then to be put into the sun if possible (or placed near the fire), and well warmed. If the first dose tranquillise him after a short interval, no more is to be given; but if he con-

tinue furious, another dose must be administered, which will infallibly quiet him. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four or forty-eight hours (according to the strength of the patient's constitution), at the expiration of which time he will be attacked with severe purging and vomiting, which will continue till the poison be entirely ejected. He will then be restored to his senses, will ask for food, and be perfectly cured. There is an Indian living in Tubutama, who is known to have an antidote to the poison injected into the wound occasioned by the bite of a mad dog, &c.; and it is therefore superior to the savadilla, which will only cure the disease when it has been formed. Two thousand dollars have been offered to him to disclose the secret, but he has constantly refused to accede to the terms. His charge is ten dollars for each patient, and he makes a comfortable livelihood by the practice. I made diligent inquiries while I remained in Sonora whether there were any instances known of the Indian's antidote having failed, but I could hear of no one case where it had been unsuccessful."

## CURRENTS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

It is not many months since a bottle was picked up on the coast of Lancashire, which, from its contents, threw some light upon the important scientific subject of ocean currents. On examination, the bottle was found to contain a paper, on which the following lines were written:—

"Thrown overboard from the packet-ship *South America*, by the passengers, March 1833, in the Gulf Stream, off Cape Cod, lat. 40° 30' long. 68° 0' west. The finder is earnestly requested to publish this in the nearest newspaper to which it may be found, to show the currents of the ocean, and oblige the passengers, as well as confer a benefit on science."

"It cannot but be regarded as a singular circumstance (says the editor of the *Liverpool Times*), that this bottle, thrown into the Gulf Stream, off the United States of America, should have floated to within a few miles of the port in Europe from which the *South America* sailed, supposing her to have been on her outward voyage, or to which she was sailing, supposing her to have been bound for Liverpool. A gale from the north, or a slight temporary change in the current, would have brought it into the Mersey, to the captain of the *South America*, who saw it launched off Cape Cod.

The object of the passengers who committed this bottle to the waves, namely, the determination of the course taken by the currents of the ocean, is one of great interest to science, and much importance to navigation; and it is satisfactory, as a confirmation of the most judicious of the existing theories on this subject, to find that the bottle thrown overboard by the passengers of the *South America*, has arrived at the part of the world, which, according to the opinions of Humboldt and others, it was most likely to reach. The theory so ably laid down by that distinguished traveller, respecting the currents of the North Atlantic, and founded both on his own observations and those of numerous voyagers, is pretty well known; but as some of our readers may not be acquainted with it, we shall state it very briefly, for the purpose of showing the causes by which the bottle thrown into the sea, on the coast of Massachusetts, and washed on shore at Southport, must have been impelled.

In that part of the Atlantic which lies between Senegal, on the African coast, and the Caribbean Sea, of America, the trade-winds, incessantly blowing across the Atlantic, give to its waters a current which flows constantly from east to west, at the rate of nine or ten miles in twenty-four hours; that is, with about one-fourth of the velocity of the principal rivers of Europe. So steady and constant is this current, that, in the year 1770, a small vessel, laden with corn, and bound from the island of Lancerote to Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe, having been driven to sea when none of the crew was on board, crossed the Atlantic, and reached Lagayra, near Caraccas, on the north coast of South America, where it was driven on shore. Supposing it not to have been detained by contrary winds, it would have performed the voyage in about thirteen months. The waters of the current, entering the Gulf of Mexico between False Cape and Cape Antonio, follow the bendings of the Mexican coast to the mouth of the Mississippi, pass to the southern extremity of Florida, and there throw themselves with great velocity into the narrow gulf of that name. The stream was there observed by Humboldt to flow northward, with a velocity of eighty miles in twenty-four hours; but as it advances into the open sea, it becomes broader and less rapid. Its course may, however, be distinctly traced by the high temperature, the intense saltness, and the deep indigo colour of its waters, as well as by the heat of the atmosphere, and the shoals of tropical sea-weed which cover its surface. To the east of the port of Boston, in 41° 25' of latitude, and 67° of longitude (that is, within a short distance of the point where the bottle picked up at Southport was thrown overboard), the Gulf Stream being here eighty leagues broad, takes an easterly direction, and divides into two streams, one crossing the Atlantic to the E.S.E., passing the Azores, the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar, the Canary Isles, and reaching the African coast between Capes Cantin and Bajador; the other, changing its course near the bank of Bonnet Flamond, runs from

the south to the north-east, and reaches the western coasts of the British Isles. By the former of these currents, the bodies of the natives of the new world, and the gigantic bamboos seen by Columbus on the coasts of the Azores, which convinced him of the existence of a new world, and inspired him with the design of discovering it, were brought from the tropical regions of America to the Western Isles; by the latter, fruits of American tropical plants, barrels of French wine, the remains of cargoes wrecked in the West Indies, and in one case the wreck of an English vessel, the *Tilbury*, burnt near Jamaica, have been washed on shore on the coast of Scotland. On these coasts, also, various kinds of tortoises are sometimes found, that inhabit the water of the Antilles; and in 1682 and 4, American savages of the Esquimaux race, having been driven to sea in a storm, reached the Orkney Islands in safety, after crossing the Atlantic. By this stream, the bottle thrown into the sea near Boston must have been brought to the coast of Lancashire; and its course thus furnishes another proof of the correctness of Humboldt's theory, of this current's movements."

## A HUMBBUG AUTHOR.

Let us put a case; suppose that Goethe's death had occurred fifty years ago, that is, in the year 1785, what would have been the general impression? Would Europe have felt a shock? Would Europe have been sensible even of the event? Not at all: it would have been obscurely noticed in the newspapers of Germany, as the death of a novelist who had produced some effect about ten years before. In 1832, it was announced by the post-horns of all Europe as the death of him who had written the *Wilhelm Meister*, the *Iphigenie*, and the *Faust*, and who had been enthroned by some of his admirers on the same seat with Homer and Shakespeare, as composing what they termed the *trinity of men of genius*. And yet it is a fact that, in the opinion of some amongst the acknowledged leaders of our own literature for the last twenty-five years, the *Werther* was superior to all which followed it, and for mere power was the paramount work of Goethe. For ourselves, we must acknowledge our assent upon the whole to this verdict; and at the same time we will avow our belief that the reputation of Goethe must decline for the next generation or two, until it reaches its just level. Three causes, we are persuaded, have concurred to push it so far beyond the proportion of real and genuine interest attached to his works, for in Germany his works are little read, and in this country not at all: First, his extraordinary age; for the last twenty years Goethe had been the patriarch of the German literature; secondly, the splendour of his official rank at the court of Weimar; he was the minister and private friend of the patriot sovereign amongst the princes of Germany; thirdly, the quantity of enigmatical and unintelligible writing which he has designedly thrown into his later works, by way of keeping up a system of discussion and strife upon his own meaning amongst the critics of his country. These disputes, had his meaning been of any value in his own eye, he would naturally have settled by a few authoritative words from himself; but it was his policy to keep alive the feud in a case where it was of importance that his name should continue to agitate the world, but of none at all that he should be rightly interpreted.—*New Edition of Encyclopædia Britannica.*

## SLAVES IN THE DIAMOND MINES.

The condition of those slaves, whose labours furnish the costly gems which sparkle on the bosom or amid the tresses of beauty, forms a striking contrast with that of the classes whom they enrich or adorn by their toil. A wretched species of food, scantily doled out, enables them to sustain for a few years the weight of their misery. Being forced to remain a whole year with their feet all day in the water, living on food little strengthening or nutritious, and generally cold or badly cooked, they are subject to enfeebling disorders, arising from the debilitated state of the alimentary canal. Frequently, moreover, they incur the risk of being crushed by the falling rocks or avalanches of earth which suddenly detach themselves from the face of the precipices. Nevertheless, such is the wretchedness of their condition in the domestic or particular service of their owners, such the natural appetite of man for gain, such the force of the most remote expectations of liberty, that these unfortunate beings, hard as is their labour, and badly as they are fed, exhibit a decided preference for their species of employment.

## BANTAM COCK.

It is worthy of remark, that the real Bantam cock—that is, the native East Indian species of that name—is not diminutive, like the little fathery creature so called in Britain, but a very large bird, and often tall enough to peck off a common dining-table.—*Barrow's Voyage to Cochin-China.*

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